Fellowship

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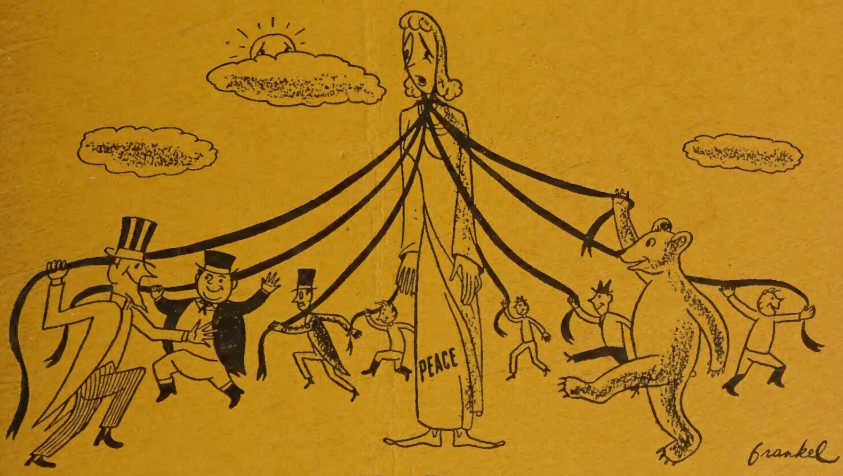

May Dance

The Horrors of Peace, by Hollis J. Wyman, Jr.
This Is the Sorrow, by Ralph Bargen
Pact with Death, by Alfred Hassler
John Foster Dulles, by Milton Mayer
Japan Journey, by Floyd Schmoe

ff AFTER digging out from under the protests of the "Protect the Atomic Scientists from Milton Mayer League," FELLOWSHIP's editors are preparing to receive the anguished cries of the "Defend John Foster Dulles and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America from Milton Mayer Committee." Mayer goes through life yelling his head off at the myopic perverseness of this world, and sometimes he annoys people who agree with his position as well as those who don't. But as we read it, some of the Old Testament prophets were complained about, too. . . . Floyd Schmoe spent the summer of 1948 in Japan working with LARA and Heifers for Relief. . . . Ralph Bargen is now serving a sentence for the convictions he expresses a little further on. . . . Hollis Wyman, Jr., gives his own background in the course of his article. . . . Alfred Hassler analyzes the North Atlantic Pact . . . and we present our regrets that Frederick Walther's article has been pushed out of this issue by others which had to run now or not at all. It will definitely appear in June, barring a) a new UMT scare, b) a new war scare, or c) a new peace scare.

FELLOWSHIP

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Fellowship
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May, 1949 Vol. XV—No. 5

Subheads

Loyalty

One of our numerous spies has reported to us recently[1] on the progress of the current loyalty probes in Washington. Plucking nervously at his typewriter and peering back over his shoulder—his *left* shoulder—at frequent intervals, our operative[2] informs us that the boards (not to be confused with the House Un-American Committee) have now firmly established the principle of guilt by anonymous accusation of alleged association a decade or more ago with alleged, but now defunct, Communist-front organizations, or with other individuals alleged to be Communists.

What this works out to in practice is that an employee of the government, tabulating his daily statistics placidly and with a conscience at rest, may be informed one day that his loyalty has been questioned and that he must appear at a hearing and attempt to prove his innocence. The charges against him, reduced to specifics, may be that he bought books in the "subversive" Washington Bookshop or attended a meeting or was on the mailing list of one of the numerous Communist-front groups of the 'thirties.

This could, of course, be considered an unadmirable, if not un-American, procedure, except that it is carried on in the defense of freedom. Obviously, with freedom of speech and thought and ballot being challenged or denied in so many parts of the world, it behooves America to defend such freedoms vigorously, even to the extent of denying them to do it!

Confession

Being prone to batten our hatches before the storm hits, we have been dredging around in our own past, with some ominous results. One particularly seedy aspect of our life in the late 'thirties,

[1] Just so there won't be any misunderstanding about *this*, the spy in question is Washington correspondent James Wechsler, and his confidential reports were published in early March in the *New York Post*. One of the advantages of having a spy like Wechsler is that the *Post* pays his salary, and nobody—not even Wechsler—suspects his connection with us.

[2] Still Wechsler!

on which any loyalty board would fasten with glee, got us tied in with the American League Against War and Fascism, which later became the League for Peace and Democracy, and which we will frankly admit—now—was a front for the comrades.

Then, however, we were less sophisticated about things. The Communists we knew were frank, intense, idealistic, humorless youngsters, generally of college age, and the "Communist menace" was talked about mostly by the Hearst Press and the American Legion, which tended to identify it with unions, wages-and-hours laws, public housing, and anything else of liberal tinge. The semantic legerdemain by which honest names disguise devious activities was still a closed book, and a League Against War and Fascism sounded like something we should approve.

Anyway, we attended a dinner given by the League in a Manhattan hotel and applauded vigorously a now-forgotten speech of Senator Gerald Nye, who was no Communist. We date the beginning of our political growing-up from the speaker who followed the Senator —Professor Harry F. Ward, of Union Seminary, who agreed that we were all for peace, but let's send money and arms and men at once to the Spanish Loyalists to fight the fascists. That was then the line of many non-Communist liberals, but it was the Party line, too, and to our table, who were there to be Against War, and in whose simplicity being Against War meant first of all not taking part in war, it smacked of betrayal. Our boos sounded lustily above the enthusiastic applause of everyone

else, and soon near-by diners, recognizing us at once as "Trotskyites," were booing us.

But the damage was done. The League had our name and address, and from then on we got their mailings regularly. We just thought we ought to make a clean breast of the whole thing now!

Glass House

A couple of months ago the Soviet government instructed its biologists and chemists that henceforth they were to accept and teach the Minchurin theory of genetics, which holds that acquired characteristics may be transmitted by heredity, as against the "bourgeois" and "reactionary" Mendelian theory, which holds the opposite. The news was greeted by great scoffing in free America, where nobody would think of telling a scientist to choose his favorite theory of genetics by the politics of its proponents.

On February 23 Oregon State College fired an associate professor of chemistry for writing a letter to the *Chemical and Engineering News* supporting the Minchurin theory of genetics.

Preparedness

If you have friends who like to talk about "preparedness" as a way of securing peace, get them to read "The Facts Which Must Prevent War," by William Bradford Huie, in the January *Reader's Digest*. When they finish they'll at least know what "preparedness" means.

Mr. Huie's document, which is as cold-blooded, self-righteous a recital of inhumanly brutal thinking as we have read, makes these points, among others:

> That the United States has enough "improved atomic weapons" to "immobilize" Russia, can deliver them in quantity, killing or maiming millions of persons in the first raids, and has trained crew and planes ready to fly instantly to *targets already selected.*
>
> That to be a member of an atomic-bomb plane crew is the "greatest trust, the highest honor" America can pay its fighting men.
>
> That these air crews have been assigned to specific Russian cities as targets, have practiced bombing them, and know the routes to take.
>
> That they won't worry about precision bombing: "A factory doesn't need to be demolished if there's nobody left to operate it."
>
> That the destructive power we could pour on Russian cities in one raid would be close to the total of all the explosives used by all the combatants during the entire Second World War.

Mr. Huie's thesis is that Americans should take heart, since this power offers real hope for peace. Our own conclusion is that Americans had better search their hearts, repent, and take apart their atom bombs and their airplanes, or they shall surely stand in danger of the judgment.

Feel a Draft?

Up to January 31, 1949, the Army had inducted through Selective Service 32,569 men, using a total of 41,279 SS personnel to do the job. The cost of drafting these men averaged $843 per man, as compared with an average cost per voluntary enlistment of $134.70. At present the costs of SS continue, but drafting has been suspended indefinitely. The Army has too many men.

The Army protests vigorously any suggestion that Selective Service be repealed because it is not being used (except to put nonregistrants in prison). The high rate of voluntary enlistments, says the Army, is the result of the draft—boys enlist to escape induction. Making this all perfectly clear, the Army in January discontinued two-year enlistments, presenting the spectacle now of young men who don't like Army life enlisting for three years to escape the possibility of being caught for 21 months by a Draft Act which is not at present catching anybody.

Informer

We have found a way to make some money, quickly and easily. Congress has appropriated $500,000 for the Internal Revenue Department to pay people who will inform on friends, neighbors, or members of the family who are holding out on their income tax. The informers, who the Revenooers say are motivated by patriotism, jealousy, or revenge, are paid 10 percent or more of the taxes recovered.

We see no reason why we should not make some of this money, and we hereby notify the government that we know of at least 41 people who have not paid part or all of their taxes this year, including a minister named A. J. Muste, a writer named Milton Mayer, a lady in Ohio named Caroline Urie, another in Brooklyn named McDowell, and so on. We can supply

all names and addresses on request, together with written confessions.

Please send the check made out to Bearer.

* * *

Remember how the Nazis used to encourage people to tattle on their friends and neighbors and families, and what Americans thought of a government that would do that?

White Man's Burden

The oil companies whose wells spot the Near East frequently adjust their haloes and point out how their wages (incredibly low) and their royalties (paid to the government) help raise the standard of living in the "backward Arabian lands." One indication of the way this is done came in a recent United Press dispatch from California:

"A gold-trimmed 195-foot yacht was reported today to be on the way to the Sheik of Kuwait as a gift in appreciation of the granting of oil concessions in Arabia. The vessel left the harbor here yesterday after $1,000,000 was spent refitting it. Two gold-trimmed twenty-six-foot motor launches to go with the yacht as shore boats also were built."

Straws in a Foolish Wind

A member of the British Parliament, commenting on the fact that there are 14,000 deserters from the British Army, said he would like to "give the Victoria Cross to every man who runs away from any army in the world."

* * *

American military men and their kept scientists are working on a "space-ship" designed to travel 10,000 miles an hour through the stratosphere. Scientists say that the first nation to develop such a man-made satellite can dominate the earth. Assuming, of course, there is anything left to dominate.

* * *

According to Gen. Carl Spaatz, writing in *Newsweek*, America's present heavy-bomber strength in Western Europe, loaded with atomic bombs, would be comparable to 79,200 Flying Fortresses carrying TNT.

* * *

The British Labor party put out a leaflet claiming that "the prams of Britain are filled with the bonniest babies in living memory." Among the babies pictured in the leaflet was Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, who was born in 1935.

* * *

When 379 Protestant and Jewish clergymen recently endorsed voluntary euthanasia, Monsignor Joseph L. Middleton and other Catholic and Protestant leaders attacked the proposition as sinful. A letter to the *New York Times*, pointing out that such strong convictions about taking human life should lead naturally to taking the pacifist position, was returned by the *Times* as "unusable."

* * *

Congress has approved a $161,000,000 "radar screen" around the country to detect incoming planes or guided missiles. If the planes are detected soon enough, and the warning is broadcast, and you happen to be listening to your radio at the time, you have a good chance of knowing what hit you.

The Horrors of Peace

By HOLLIS J. WYMAN, JR.

IF SAILING on the nameship of the Essex-class carriers from the first Saipan strikes to the peace treaty at Tokyo and helping destroy 1500-odd enemy planes plus 110 ships on the way could be called being in the war, I guess I was in it. If the strongest defensive weapon developed by the Japanese in the course of this war was the Kamikaze suicide-flier, and his primary target was always the flattop, then my buddies could not be accused of exaggerating when they say they saw a bit of action, nor could I. Thirty-three planes shot down by the ship's battery itself meant that at least this number crashed close enough to have taken us all along if they'd been better at it, not to speak of more orthodox methods of administering death, like bombs, mines, torpedoes, and shellfire.

For these—what for me as deck-officer would have constituted, I suppose, "the horrors of war"—I am not sorry; the taut circumstances of a danger situation can deepen a man's living and understanding of his fellows' lives immensely. But from the horrors of *peace* I can find no escape and no surcease.

They are like this. For Christmas Eve, since I am away from home, I am invited by an ex-enemy family to be with them. I have a room at their house in Freiburg, Germany, where the Quakers have let me come to represent them doing relief work. *Heilige Abend,* or Holy Evening, is to Germans the most deeply significant of intimate family gatherings, especially meaningful now when the family is about all these people have left of joy.

In this instance the invitation is advanced to me in the manner of a request that I be nice enough to come join the two remaining children as substitute for the eldest son who was last seen face down in a ditch on the American Front. I am an American, friends, and this is hard enough to take, but how would you like to hear the other boy, who is just at the age to hate the bitterest, saying that his best Christmas present is to have someone he can look on as a big brother again?

Then there is a former officer in the *Wehrmacht.* After three months of acquaintanceship—just long enough in the States for him to have found out what my father does and how I accordingly rate—he writes concerning my departure from his town of Koblenz to work in Freiburg: "When I said *Auf wiedersehen* to you I became frighteningly lonely. But then I felt more and more clearly that you could never fully leave me; even if you are not with me in person, your personality is always around me. You have come close to our hearts. I once had a friend, an officer who fell in Russia; I thought never again to find such a friend. But toward you I feel the same way."

This man wears today when it's windy a patch over one eye so it

won't weep uncontrollably. The patch doesn't affect his seeing at all because he lost the eye anyway, with his comrade on the Russian Front. His fiancee says he considers me, Gunnery Department, U.S.S. ESSEX, his best friend!

A young people's group in this same Koblenz found I was leaving, on very short notice. The next night on the wall of my room there hung a pen-and-ink sketch of my favorite corner of town, framed and with glass—in a city where the trolleys have board windows! On the back were the words of the city song, in dialect as we had so often sung it, laboriously and beautifully printed by hand, and the sentiment signed by the whole group, "To our dear friend as remembrance." The thing cost, I learned later, better than half a worker's monthly wage, an original piece of art. The names of almost all members of the group were there, scouted up all over town the evening before by one of the kids.

My "Enemies"

These were enemies, many of them veterans, people who had been bombed around on the front *and* here at home. People who had lost members of their bodies and of their families at the hands of our airmen who, it seems, had difficulty finding the only military objective of this once ravishingly quaint and cultured city of the Rhine, because the railroad station was only hit after the first dozen or so major raids—nothing else in the city by the remotest stretch of the imagination could have been considered strategic.

Ullie, one-time leader in the Hitler Jugend, comes to me just before I am to leave Germany. "Here," he says, "take this record of Beethoven's *Pathetique*. It was one of the few things I salvaged from the rubble of our home in Berlin. I want you to know that we appreciate why you people come here to help us and be our friends." No place makes as many or as good records as the United States, but you accept presents like this, because they mean something.

Then there is the 15-year old kid who was helping us build the "Peace Village" project and had guts enough to reprimand the thoroughly Nazified foreman because he insisted on going over the ancient history of German conquests, saying, "Hey, this is Peace Village, isn't it? Why should we talk about war all the time?" The only school any of these kids had was Nazi school. And to stand up to an older leader, not knowing how your contemporaries around would take it, means something!

Day after day I am invited to "be at home" with German families. They entertain me in the broken houses I helped to break; they would feed me as guest from their meagre rations. Nazi and anti-Nazi, I don't know the difference any more. A Negro girl friend came to visit me here. I was made to feel prouder of her company in these white homes of the "master race" than I ever was in the "land of the free and the home of the brave!"

I cry about things like this (in itself enough to brand me with most Americans as *non compos mentis*). Mainly because I had a hand in hurting these people, but also because it is a sad situation when human beings have to wait for a postwar period to find out that they can mean a lot to each other.

Do you get what I'm trying to say? That I'm not sorry I was attacked by anybody, but very, very sorry I attacked anybody myself, and also sorry that anybody was attacked at all. And especially sorry, for myself and everybody else, that we could have been duped into hating each other and believing that people anywhere are any different from people anywhere else.

And so I couldn't go to war again; I might hurt a friend, whom I know now to be every man.

This Is the Sorrow

By RALPH BARGEN

I AM NOT A BRAVE MAN. Like most other people, I fear uncertainty, the isolation, and most of all the loneliness that comes in failure to communicate. It would not be true to say I am not afraid of what will come, or even that I am confident of myself in writing this. I do care what comes of this, and I am afraid. And it is this fear and care that I want to communicate.

It is no simple matter, ever, for a man to give a full accounting of himself, for this concerns the whole of life. In accounting he must cope with the dynamics; account for more than fact. He must speak of uncertainties as well, of motives and values. He must probe in the spiritual substances of life.

I attempt this task with fear and trembling; with a knowledge of my foolhardiness.

The bare facts are probably well known: that on September 8, 1948 I did not register, and this by choice, not negligence; that it has been the same with me each day since; that this is a violation of the Draft Act of 1948, and a federal offense that carries a severe punishment; that it will not be long before I am arrested, then sentenced, and sent to prison; that in our society right and wrong are matters measured by the weight of numbers, and hence, by definition, that I am guilty, and admit this.

There are other facts, perhaps also known: that since I was eighteen years old I have not stopped thinking and talking about this matter; that I was a conscientious objector to war, and in the Second War served nineteen months in the Civilian Public Service program; that long before the present

"Well Composed"

Ralph Bargen is a young Mennonite nonregistrant who was sentenced on March 11 to a year and a day in the federal penitentiary. This article, which the judge called "well composed" and "rather impressive," was Ralph's statement to the FBI at the time of his arrest.

Act was passed, I thought and talked with others of its possibility; that I encouraged others to think through all the implications of this law; that since September 8, wherever I have been, I have readily answered questions where I thought others might be deceived about me; and that in all of this I have not tried to hide my position, or escape the responsibility of my action.

But these are only surface matters; there is more, perhaps not known so well. And this is most important.

I have a great sadness.

I have knowledge that we are all involved, each to the fullness of his being, none more nor less than another. I sense that what is happening to us has tragic dimensions. My sadness is for this separation of man from man, this brother against brother. I am sad that we are growing further apart; that life itself is being broken into fragments; that we are becoming more and more lonely; and that this is happening not just here, and not only to me, and those around me, but happening everywhere in many ways.

I am not speaking of myself. What is happening to me is not significant; only illustrative, an example. My sadness is for the whole; my fear is that going as we are, man divided against himself, we will destroy ourselves, and the pain will not be ours. The sorrow will be God's.

I believe there is one God. We are aspects of that God. Each of us has that Divinity in him. We have God's power for good. We have His freedom to choose. It is for us to decide whether we shall see the whole, or live alone concerned only with our separate selves and groups. I believe that God made the earth for man to walk upon, not certain parts, or certain men. I believe that in the beginning there was One Spirit, and we are dividing that Spirit until now there may be very little left. I believe that evil is separation from, and good is union with, the Greater Spirit. And that men do well when they seek to join their Spirit with that of their brother.

I believe that men can destroy the God; that men, by separating themselves, and causing greater division, can destroy the whole of life. War is wrong because it causes greater separation. It is wrong to be identified with any part of life; with a section of earth, or an amount of wealth, or with a language, even with a group of people or a single person. I cannot bring myself to cause greater separation in the whole of life. This would be to destroy the God.

I know each of us secretly desires to join his Spirit with the whole. But there is this sadness; for the policeman who must carry his gun; for the clerk who must endlessly read the charges against his fellow man; for the judge who must daily sit above his brother; for the investigator who must always make his movements secret from his friend; and for me who must stand against the state. And not for us alone. For the state that must at once prepare itself against its member and against another state; for the earth divided and in preparation against its members. There are no spectators here; we are all involved; the circumstance may differ, but the essence remains alike for each of us.

And I know that we do not solve

this problem. That it is always with us. That even though you prosecute and punish, it will be the same. That if another law like this is passed, or if this law remains when I am free again, it will be the same then as now; and I will come before you and you will judge and punish.

There is even more. I have this sorrow for the seeming inevitability of our struggle. That we do not begin at the end, but come to it slowly, regretful of our errors, the fumbling along the way. And now we know that we are hurting each other, and there seems no way to avoid this. I cannot say that you should do as I; I do not ask you to let me be. I know that you must go through this to the end, and that I must go through this to the end, just as you.

This is the sadness: that though we would join our Spirit, we seem unable. That we cannot help ourselves. This is the sorrow: that we are lonely, and that our loneliness becomes greater every day. We seek the God, and we are fallible, and have so little faith, and bring each other only greater pain.

Symbol in April

(For a Conscientious Objector in Prison)

This flowering morning is a jewel cast
Into the road of time, the glittering
Tremendous promise of hours that stir and sing,
Knowing each following moment unsurpassed.
Shine, sweet tree, in pearly petals clad,
Spring, sweet grass, and lift your voice, small bird,
Showering the rarest music we have heard;
Gold air, be spendthrift; but I am not glad;
He from your beauty is locked, he from your joy
Is chained away.

Ah, but we would not see
Such symbol in April, were it not that he
Like one before him, holds himself envoy
From life, not death, and seeks that life to find
Within the flowering morning of his mind.

MARGARET ROCKWELL

The North Atlantic Security Alliance, called a force for peace, threatens really to be a—

Pact with Death

By ALFRED HASSLER

BY THE TIME this issue of FELLOWSHIP reaches its readers, the North Atlantic Security Alliance, whose actual provisions were first made public on March 19, may have been signed by the participating countries and ratified by the United States Senate. If it is, that will be one of the more ominous indications of how completely this fear-ridden country has abandoned faith in itself and in every democratic value in favor of reliance on military power.

The Pact is a military alliance. It commits the United States more directly to participation in war than any previous move in our history except for actual Congressional declarations of war. It undermines, probably fatally, the one hesitant approach the nations have made toward a permanent world organization. It writes *finis*, for the time at least, to the so-recent dreams of "one world," and chooses instead a two-world division that contains the ominous possibility of becoming no world at all.

The published draft of the North Atlantic Security Alliance provides that the parties "consult together" when any of them is "threatened"; and regard an armed attack on any one of them "in Europe or North America" as an attack on all, to be resisted by action including the use of armed force.[1]

Actually, the wording of the document is relatively unimportant. Nations that insist on unlimited sovereignty reserve automatically the right to default on the most sacred treaties if they consider it in their "national interest" to do so. The evil of the Pact lies not so much in what it says as in the fact that it was written at all.

With the world political scene what it is, no one can seriously doubt that the United States would resist militarily any armed attack on Western Europe by Russia. The depressing importance of this treaty lies in its tacit assumption that hope for a peaceful solution to our world problems is dead and that for the indefinite future all mankind must be divided between two armed camps.

Despite the Pact's pious protestations that it is purely defensive and not directed against any specific nation, the motivation behind it on the part of its moving spirit and indispensable participant—the United States—is obviously:

1. To win the cold war with Russia and preserve peace by a policy of "containment";

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[1] The Pact does not include attacks on colonial possessions of the signatory powers as "an attack on all." Nevertheless, the colonial and home affairs of such imperial powers as Britain, France, Belgium and the Netherlands cannot be so easily separated, and Americans should consider soberly their enthusiasm for seeing the arms they supply to these powers being used to maintain a foreign rule over freedom-seeking colonials.

2. To prepare strategically to fight and win a war against Russia if the policy of containment does not work.

American architects of the Pact expect it to accomplish these purposes in three principal ways:

1. By encouraging the "free democracies" of Western Europe (which will probably include totalitarian Portugal and may later include fascist Spain) to resist Soviet pressure on the more or less explicit promise of American armed aid in the event of war;

2. By arranging to supply the armies of these same "free democracies" with American arms, to create a buffer force that can take the first shock of an attack and perhaps slow it down long enough for the United States to launch atomic bombing raids and other counter-measures;

3. By acquiring, in exchange for these arms and promises, American military and air bases in Europe, thus furnishing evidence to the Kremlin of "American determination," and at the same time making available a "beachhead" for operations when war comes.

No Change in Policy

The Pact does not represent any sudden reversal in official American thinking. On the contrary, it follows logically from the Truman Doctrine, our policy of "toughness" in Germany, and the anti-Communist refinements of the Marshall Plan. So the opposition to it is not essentially new, but grows out of a conviction that the American government has grossly misconstrued the nature of the world conflict, and is taking counter-measures more likely to heighten the danger than avert it.

One of the most important aspects of the Pact, from the point of view of the United States, is that it effectually by-passes the Constitutional right of Congress to declare war. This will be true no matter what legalistic phrases may be incorporated to "save face" for Congress. Unless the Pact is so radically altered as to become a totally new document, the decisions for war or peace will in fact be made on the military level, by a joint Western European-American staff dominated by United States military personnel and policies, and a minor incident set off by someone relatively obscure could plunge us into war.

Diplomatic and trade relations between East and West and policy decisions in all matters will be regulated by their effect on the military situation. Censorship will be widely extended and political reaction encouraged in the name of security. This process is already well begun, but there has been hope that increased attention to trade and functional cooperation might gradually shift the balance the other way. With the signing of the Pact, which means total commitment to the idea of a two-power division of the world heading for eventual military conflict, that hope will virtually disappear.

There is a parallel to this situation in modern penology that was observed by most COs who did time in prison during the last war. Theoretically, what is called custody—the business of walls, guns, guards and punishment—is only a part, and a minor part, of the prison picture. Custody is the necessary framework within which the reform and rehabilitation techniques are supposed to operate.

That is the theory. In practice, custody dominates everything. The necessity of keeping men confined against their passionate desire to be free requires such a concentration of attention and effort on the part of both keepers and convicts, that there is neither the time nor the psychological climate for rehabilitation to operate. The result is that the rates for both crime and recidivism continue to climb even while penology becomes more "enlightened" and "effective."

So it will inevitably be with the Pact. Decisions as to allocations of rearmament funds will of course be made on a military basis, but so will the distribution of so-called reconstruction money of the ERP. ERP money increasingly will go where it can most effectively build the war potential of Western Europe, rather than where it can stimulate peacetime production and

The fallacy of guaranteeing peace or security by signing military alliances becomes clear when the supposed logic of the method is examined. Here are two great powers, the Soviet Union and the United States, at which world military and industrial power is polarized. To one or the other of the two the other, weaker powers are gravitating, with varying degrees of reluctance, drawn by considerations of economic or geographic dependence and literally unable to remain aloof in a world where a neutral is suspect by both sides.

These two great powers are now almost pathologically fearful and suspicious of each other. Neither it may be safely presumed, actually wants war—certainly their peoples do not. Yet each, driven by its fears, not only continues to increase its preparations for war but in order to make palatable the

Some recipients of ERP aid spend more on arms and armies than they receive from ERP, and the United States is urging them to spend more. Here are the figures, in millions of dollars:

	ERP	Arms		ERP	Arms
Belg.—Lux.	200	96	Netherlands	355	28
Denmark	109	47	Norway	105	4
France	875	1100	Portugal	10	4
Greece	170	116	Sweden	54	21
Iceland	7	0	Turkey	30	19
Ireland	64	12	United Kingdom	940	320
Italy	555	360	Total	3474	570

a stable economy. The signing of the Pact will have been our confession that we now have thrown our full reliance for security on the military; they would be more than human if they did not emphasize the inevitable corollary, that military considerations therefore become preeminent and unchallengeable.

enormous sacrifices that such preparations entail for its citizens, constantly works at the task of heightening, rather than lessening, the fear and suspicion.

This task is made infinitely simpler by the aggressive-looking suspicion-motivated actions that each of the two powers takes periodically: increased arms appro

priations, extension of military conscription, establishment of military or political beachheads beyond the power's own boundaries, and so on.

Each of these actions, justified to the home population as "defensive," is inspired by a previous act of the "enemy" power, and in turn is the inspiration for his next countermove.

With that kind of pattern for a guide, what is the thesis of the North Atlantic Pact? Reduced to its simplest terms, it is that by uniting Western Europe militarily with the United States, thus bringing American power literally and physically to the very borders of the Soviet Union, present Russian suspicions will not be materially increased, but the Russian threat will be effectively countered!

Pact Will Increase Fear

Logically, the proposition is absurd. The signing of the Pact inevitably will heighten Russian fears and simultaneously provide the Politburo with invaluable propaganda ammunition for use both in Russia and in the rest of the uneasy world. Militarily, Russia will counter with increased armaments, increased pressure on her satellite nations, and increased efforts to strengthen native Communist movements in the Western nations. These moves will turn the "security" gained from the Pact to ashes in our mouths, and stimulate *us* to new and more expensive measures, and so on and on. The history of militarism has shown impressively what the ultimate end of that kind of action-reaction chain will be.

Without a doubt the Pact is the death sentence of the United Nations. The disingenuous attempts of the State Department to bring the Pact under the UN mantle by citing Article 51 will deceive no one; the Pact is the culmination of a succession of crippling blows that, on the part of the United States, began at San Francisco with the insistence on the veto power, and progressed through the sabotage of UNRRA, the by-passing of the UN in the Greek-Turkish Truman-Doctrine affair, and the decision to keep the Marshall Plan reins of ERP in the nationalistic hands of the United States rather than turning them over to the UN.

The Nature of the Struggle

What is most disheartening is the almost complete failure of the American government and press alike to comprehend either the real outline of the world struggle or the real nature of world communism. In the face of instance after instance of the sacrificial devotion of individual men and women to communism, going to the extent of a willingness to suffer prison or martyrdom, most of us persist in regarding communism as a wholly cynical quest for power on the part of a greedy and unscrupulous group of politicians.

The fact is that communism's world strength is a form of religious fervor surpassing that exhibited on a large scale by any of the other world religions today. Communism's appeal to the masses is the promise to hungry people of a world in which there will be enough to eat; to exploited people of a world free of exploitation; to minorities of a world free of discrimination; to the insecure of a world of security. In their despair, hungry, homeless men will close

their eyes to the brutality of communism's methods and embrace it as their only hope in a bitter world.

There was a time, not very many years ago, when democracy had that kind of appeal and aroused that kind of fervor. That was the time when democracy meant freedom from tyranny to the tyrannized, freedom of opportunity to the enslaved, freedom of speech to the terrorized.

But America's great reservoir of good will around the world has almost disappeared. In the sight of millions of the world's people the United States now is the principal defender of the status quo, the fabulously rich nation whose charity is doled out only to the "deserving poor," the democracy whose fine professions are belied by undemocratic actions at home and abroad.

Many non-Communist Europeans already are fearful of the tremendous added strain to their shaky economies that the Atlantic Pact's emphasis on military strength will mean, as many Americans are afraid of what the cost of arming Western Europe, estimated at four to five billions a year, will do even to our prosperous country. If the pact means, as it will, the slackening of progress in rebuilding peacetime production, and the sentencing again of millions of men to the empty waste of military service, the result may well be the very conditions of despair in which communism recruits its new millions of adherents. So that from a coldly practical viewpoint, the consequences of the Pact are likely to be a heightened tension between the governments in the East and West reaching its breaking point at the time when the fears and privations of the masses of the people result in a worldwide strengthening of the Communist movement.

There still is an alternative way we could travel. The real oppressors of the world's people today are poverty and exploitation and war. Democracy could quickly recapture its appeal for all the world if it made an all-out attack on these. If the United States were to concentrate its efforts on the kind of constructive activities suggested by President Truman's proposal to develop the backward parts of the world (but free from its imperialistic implications) the effect would be electrifying. If the United States were to appeal for universal disarmament, agreeing at the start to dismantle its atomic-bombs and bomb-plants, a thrill of hope would run through the world that no propaganda ministry could effectively distort.

That kind of program would be an idea, a creative, dynamic idea that could capture the enthusiastic allegiance of millions: the idea of a world of abundance and peace without the repressive political machinery that communism deems necessary. That kind of idea would take the appeal out of the Communist idea and the sting from the Communist threat. Military alliances will not.

"The truth has always need of being repeated, because error is ceaselessly and repeatedly being preached to us, and not only by some isolated voices, but by the crowd. In the newspapers, encyclopedias, in the schools and universities, everywhere error holds the first rank; it is at ease with the majority, who charge themselves with its defense." —*Goethe*

MILTON MAYER WRITES ABOUT—

John Foster Dulles

JOHN FOSTER DULLES was in Cleveland the other week to address the Third National Study Conference of the Churches and World Order, under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches. *The Christian Century,* which tries harder than I do to cherish the institutional churches as the repositories of salvation, asserted that "the Cleveland conference leaned heavily on John Foster Dulles, who spoke more frequently on the variety of subjects which were before it than any other person." If the *Century* speaks truly, and I suppose it does, the conclusion is irresistible that Mr. Dulles is an ever-weakening reed.

Under the editorial title "Cleveland Strikes Out!" the *Century* reported that the delegates' "actions in the conference and the statements with which they concluded what they had to say on the floor were in most cases cautious and equivocal, secularistic and confused. If this is the best the churches can do, it is to be hoped that the third national study conference will be the last." The *Century's* whole report was a blisterer, but what fixed my attention, in connection with Mr. Dulles, was the *Century's* documented assertion that "the conference voted *against* the principle of the Atlantic pact, it voted *for* the principle, and it voted that it could take no position upon the pact."

Now if Mr. Dulles is to be judged as a burgeoning Christian, it must be in connection with such phenomena as the institutional church's attitude toward Atlantic pacts and the like, since Mr. Dulles affects to be something of an international statesman as well as something of a world Christian. He is the key man in the United States UN delegation and does not violently object to being called one of the architects of the UN.

The conference announced that "we do not pass upon the proposed Atlantic pact because the final text is not available and time is not available for adequate study of its implications." The *Century* observed: "If this is leadership, local churches and denominations may be excused if they find themselves unable to recognize it as such." The *Century,* as I say, still looks to the institutional church for leadership.

True, the United States of America has proceeded so far along the road to totalitarian dictatorship that its government had drawn up the pact without consultation with its people. But the very fact that text and time were not available should itself have been the occasion for an unqualified protest by the conference against this technique of totalitarian dictatorship. Why didn't the conference *demand* text and time and, failing to get it, condemn the pact out of hand?

The answer can only be that the conference was a willing party to the secrecy with which its government was drawing its country into an alliance for war. Mr. Dulles, as key man of the U.S. delegation to

UN, should have known the contents of the pact in Cleveland. (Its text was released a week later.) If he didn't know them, he should have resigned from the UN delegation rather than play a part in committing the conference to being a quiet accomplice of the conspirators. And Cleveland was crawling with State Department double-talkers who were supposed to be telling the churchmen all about our foreign relations.

A Military Alliance

Mr. Dulles knew what the pact was as well as you and I did. He knew that the pact was a military alliance for a declaration of war by its signatories on the occasion of an aggression by unnamed parties on any one of them. Knowing this, he knew that the pact was the death warrant for the United Nations, whose Article 53 says that "no enforcement shall be taken under regional arrangements or by regional agencies without the authorization of the Security Council." The pact violates the UN charter and destroys the UN and if Mr. Dulles didn't know it he didn't know what the American newspaper readers knew.

But Mr. Dulles was being disingenuous. He said at Cleveland that "the people of Western Europe, and particularly of Scandinavia, ought not to seem to bring United States military might directly to Russia's border." I urge you to pipe, in passing, this Christian stateman's emphasis on seeming, and then I go on to quote Mr. Dulles: "It would, indeed, involve a high tribute to Soviet leaders to assume that, under these circumstances, they would exercise more self-control than would our people under comparable circumstances, as, for example, if the Soviet Union had military arrangements with a country at our border."

Mr. Dulles was saying that the Atlantic pact was a declaration of war and that Stalin was crazy if he didn't attack us now. But Mr. Dulles was trying to say it the unintelligible way because, first, he intended to support the pact and to commit the institutional church to compliance with it, and, second, he intended to return to Cleveland some day, after Russia had been goaded into war and the United States (as well as Russia) was defeated, and remind the institutional church that he had warned them.

Having run his errand in Cleveland, Mr. Dulles then returned to the pure air of the temporal world and proceeded to support the pact, saying, "It does mean that if an attack occurs within the North Atlantic area, and the Security Council cannot handle it, then the United States has a duty to act to repel the attack and to restore peace." This is, of course, more gobbledygook, concealing, but not too well, the statement that the United States will violate Article 53 of the United Nations Charter, which specifies that the Security Council, and no one else, can and must handle attacks.

Says the *Century*, "The conference never did decide whether the reality with which it was most concerned lay in guns and goods or in God as He is revealed in Jesus Christ. . . . The statements generally lacked the note of Christian love. The discussion of justice and human rights consistently dealt with these in terms of expediency, as a means to curb Russia rather

than to express Christian brotherhood. Amazing blind spots averted the conference from the use in war of atomic and other methods of mass destruction, the continuance of peacetime conscription, the reduction of our colossal arms budget, the curbing of our worldwide spy network, the threat of universal military training, the reduction of the number of military bases around the world, or the relaxation of military domination of education, industry, commerce, and science." *The Christian Century* is amazed because figs do not grow from thistles, because the Christian ministry does not preach Jesus Christ crucified.

I submit that the Christian ministry, if it wanted to perform the Christian mission, would keep away from John Foster Dulles, who wants to be a Christian without performing the Christian mission. Mr. Dulles is a worldly man, who does not yet understand the dreadful circularity of the Christian commitment, namely that the only way to try to be a Christian is to be one. If he wants to try to be one, he will have to stop building power alliances like the UN and stop tearing them down for new power alliances like the Atlantic pact. He will have to get down off the platform, all the way down to the prie-dieu, and ask to be lifted up. He is a weak reed, but a heavy burden, too heavy to be lifted by mortal man. And if I misjudge him, may he say so and say why, in this or some other place, and God forgive me my intemperance.

History Repeats

". . . More than one true thing may be said about the causes of the war, but the statement that comprises most truth is that militarism and the armaments inseparable from it made war inevitable. Armaments were intended to produce a sense of security in each nation—that was the justification put forward in defence of them. What they really did was to produce fear in everybody. Fear causes suspicion and hatred; it is hardly too much to say that, between nations, it stimulates all that is bad and depresses all that is good.

"One nation increases its Army and makes strategic railways towards the frontiers of neighboring countries. The second nation makes counter-strategic railways and increases its Army in reply. The first nation says this is very unreasonable, because its own military preparations were only precautions; the second nation says that its preparations also were only precautions, and points out, with some cogency, that the first nation began the competition; and so it goes on, till the whole Continent is an armed camp covered by strategic railways. . . .

"The lesson of European history is so plain. It is that no enduring security can be found in competing armaments and in separate alliances; there is no security for any Power unless it be a security in which its neighbors have an equal share."

—from *Twenty-Five Years*: 1892-1916, by Great Britain's World War I Foreign Secretary, Viscount Grey.

JAPAN JOURNEY

By FLOYD SCHMOE

The mayor of Hayaguchi Machi writes me that the Tanaguchi baby will live. "It is a very sad case," he writes. "The parents of the baby are poor farm people. The young mother works every day from early until late with her husband in the rice paddies. She leaves her first-born with her little sister, and this day the baby fell in the fireplace and overturned a kettle of boiling water on itself and so it was horribly burned, but" the mayor continues, "the baby is now improved. It will not die."

THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN at the RTO (Rail Transportation Office) in Aomori told me at last, "Well, if you insist, but it will be a rugged journey." I wanted to get to Akita, six hours by local train down the west coast of Japan. I was expected that evening. There were "Allied Personnel" coaches attached to the train only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and this was Tuesday. So the captain gave instructions to the station-master to rope off for me space in a coach "in the middle of the train."

At 13:55 a boy took me to the platform. The station-master was guarding the door to my coach. He bowed to me and we entered. The boy dropped my bag in a seat, bowed and wished me a pleasant journey. I thanked him and looked about me. They had driven the people out and roped off the entire end of the car, sixteen seats! On the doors and on the end of the coach were chalked "RTO" and characters saying "Reserved, Keep Out." I was "VIP" and I did not like it.

The other seats and aisles, as on every other coach of the long train, were crowded with people. They looked at me intently. Perhaps it was mostly curiosity—the people of the north have seen few Americans—but my disturbing feelings of the injustice of the thing caused me to read resentment in their faces. I knew how I would react to such a situation!

Neighborly Gesture

Not able to face it, I stepped off the train and out of sight behind the piles of baggage. If I had removed the barrier immediately the station-master, who was still standing by, would have driven the people out again. He had his orders from the American captain and I did not have the time nor the command of language to protest them. Neither did I wish to cause a scene, so I waited quietly until the train began to move. Then I thanked the station-master, swung aboard, and immediately cut the ropes and threw them out the window. Like a slow chain reaction smiles began to blossom on faces down the crowded aisle, but they did not move to take the seats until I invited them to do so with a smile and a wave of my hand. Still they carefully reserved a double seat for me.

I asked an old lady to take the extra seat and sat down, but the aisle was still packed full of stand-

ing people, and most of them were women, many of whom had babies strapped to their backs. I had been traveling a week with yet twenty-four hours ahead of me and I needed the rest. Most of these people were going only a few hours at most. Neither did I wish to be more conspicuous than I already was—no Japanese man ever got up to give a woman his seat or even offered to hold her child for her and the women did not expect it of me.

Rural Japan

So for an hour or so I sat and looked out of the window at the pleasant countryside. Straw-hatted and coated women, their hands in the muck of the misty rice paddies, did not look up from the growing stalks as the train slid past. Thatched farm villages stood here and there like islands, as in fact they were, in the sea of rice. Smaller islands, approached by arched lanes and shaded by ancient pines and cryptomaria, bore modest rural shrines or family burial plots.

Along the road moved a slow stream of toiling men and beasts; oxcarts heavily loaded with hay or timbers, bicycles and hand carts all loaded to unbelievable capacity, and heavy two-wheeled farm carts propelled by whole families of men, women and children. A red cow pulled a gay home-made surrey loaded with happy school children, and a bus that had long outlived its engine and had been stripped down to the barest essentials was drawn by a tired horse, providing commercial transportation between villages.

In the distance, sometimes farther, sometimes nearer as the track wound its way down the broad valley, ran the river, and beyond it the green mountains of Japan. Iwaki San, the "Fuji of the North," its head swathed in clouds, its shoulders still weighted down with last winter's snows, dominated the scene. In the foothills were extensive apple orchards where gangs of workers wrapped paper bags about each green apple to protect it from the destructive fruit flies, and patches of trimmed mulberry trees being stripped of their leaves in the unending battle to cope with the voracious appetites of the millions of silkworms on the trays at home.

I avoided the faces of the standing women. I felt no "Good Samaritan" and I was still ashamed of my people who preached democracy and were too good to rub elbows with these "untouchables."

At a station stop another horde of heavily laden travelers crowded onto our coach. A tired-faced young mother of perhaps twenty-five was pushed back opposite my seat. As she turned to adjust herself to the press I saw that she had an infant on her back. Its head was hanging back in a way that only a Japanese baby could tolerate and I saw that its face was black. I looked closer. It was terribly burned; the eyes swollen shut, the lips broken and horribly swollen, the cheeks were cracked open and the little nose almost gone. The left hand and arm were bandaged almost to the elbow. The blackness, I noted, was from tannic acid used in treatment.

I forgot the staring eyes and pressed her into my seat. She thanked me wearily and took the baby into her arms to nurse it. Poor mother, she must not have slept for days and she had been

standing for more than an hour in the hot swaying coach. The baby moaned quietly as it tried to suck through its hurt lips from breasts too tired to have milk. With a tip of dirty gauze moistened by her lips the mother bathed the swollen eyes. I fumbled in my bag and found a clean white handkerchief. In my hasty departure from hom I had fortunately picked up a tub of burn ointment. It with a fev Band-Aids were my entire first aid kit. I showed the mother how t use the soothing salve around th eyes and mouth, then I found tw oranges I had saved from break fast on the Hokkaido boat and ha

A House for Hiroshima

During the war American bombers destroyed more than two million Japanese homes. Ten million people became homeless. For more than three years most of these unfortunate people have been living in crude shacks or packed into the already overcrowded homes of their relatives and neighbors. This is one reason why the first work camp group to go to Japan has decided to build a "house for Hiroshima."

There are two other good reasons for this decision. First, it is at the level of the individual hearthside that the war victim suffers most acutely. The Japanese mother, as she sits by the ashes of her home with the remnant of her broken family about her, is not grieving for her country's lost wealth or its ruined cities. Her tears are for her loved ones and her lost home. So it is at this level that the Hiroshima work camp wishes to make itself felt.

The second reason is that the house, after all, is only a symbol of what the campers wish to do. They will build a house, Japanese style, for a Japanese family who lost a house beneath the bomb, but this house will not be just a house for a family. In a larger sense, it will be a house for all of Japan—a token of the feelings of thousands of Americans who regret the suffering brought to innocent people by a war for which they were not personally responsible. Hiroshima, as the first target for the atom bomb, becomes the logical "target" for this experiment in understanding and reconciliation.

The work camp will be directed by FOR-member Floyd Schmoe. It will take six American young people of various racial and religious backgrounds to Hiroshima in June. There they will work through the summer with a group of Japanese young people trying to express their feelings in work and daily living.

The work campers are raising money for their own expenses and giving their time. The cost of the House, they hope, will be contributed by interested Americans. Food will be taken from America for the entire group, including the Japanese volunteers. The project is under the immediate care of the Japan Yearly Meeting of Friends but it is nonsectarian in nature and is not sponsored by any one group. A committee set up by the Mayor of Hiroshima will select the family to whom the House will be presented.

planned to use for my lunch on the train, and tucked them with a clean undershirt and a few one-hundred yen notes into her *furoskiki*. It was not much but it was about all that I had on me.

She showed me that the doctor had removed three fingers from the burned left hand. For the next three hours as the country women clucked their tongues and shook their heads and chattered in the hot and dusty coach the mother of the baby struggled to keep awake, but her eyes went shut in spite of her.

As I stood by fanning the infant and looking at the tired hurt faces my thoughts shaped uncertain ideas. This could be one of the hundred thousand sad and frightened little mothers of Japan whose babies were burned, not by accident, but by American bombs at Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Tokyo and Yokohama. Her burden is enough; fortunately for her she is incapable of feeling the accumulated mass of suffering for them all! No one but God himself could bear it all.

Fortunate it is also that no one of them is capable of feeling the crushing accumulation of the total resentment of their people. I wondered if my sincere effort to amend in part for the cruelty of my people would be sufficient to erase the fear and hatred from the mind of this one individual Japanese. If we could repeat such acts of kindness often enough we might be able to smother in love and good will the fires of resentment that must, although carefully hidden from our view, be smouldering in the hearts of many Japanese. If so we may in time win the battle for peace which has been made vastly more hazardous by the years of the war.

At Hayaguchi station the little mother and her infant got off the train. She bowed low to thank me and disappeared in the mass of humanity that jammed the station platform.

When I returned to Tokyo the picture of the tired and worried mother and the suffering child was deep in my mind and I immediately wrote to the mayor of Hayaguchi to learn who they were. Now I have his letter. I am happy that the child will live.

Comment on Pacts—Atlantic and Otherwise

Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice,
Be not dishearten'd, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet,

. . . . . .

(Were you looking to be held together by lawyers?
Or by an agreement on a paper? or by arms?
Nay, nor the world, nor any living things, will so cohere.)

—from *"Over the Carnage Rose Prophetic a Voice," by Walt Whitman*

News from the Peace Front

Two Convicted on Charges of Counseling Nonregistration for CO

Larry Gara, 27, history instructor and dean of men at Mennonite-sponsored Bluffton (Ohio) College, and an FOR member, was convicted on March 14 of the charge that on November 8 he advised Charles Rickert, a senior at Bluffton, now serving an 18-month sentence for nonregistration, against registering. When Rickert was arrested, on November 8, Gara spoke to him encouragingly. He was not sure later whether he had said something like "Do not let them coerce you into changing your conscience," or "You should feel free to change your mind if your conscience tells you to register," but as well as he could recollect it was something along that line.

The second count against Gara, that at various times he had counseled various unknown persons to refuse to register, was dropped.

U. S. District Judge Frank L. Kloeb, who also sentenced Rickert, and in whose court Gara was tried, refused to allow any assertion that Gara's actions were justified by God's laws, claiming that religious liberty was not involved and that religious beliefs do not permit violations of federal law. Gara served three years in prison from 1942-1945 for refusing to register under the SS Act of 1940.

On March 16 in Kansas, *Dr. Wirt A. Warren* was convicted of having counseled his stepson not to register, in spite of the fact that the boy did actually register. He was sentenced to two years in prison on April 5.

Although 300 ministers and several hundred other people in addition have signed statements urging young men not to register, only have personally counselled them not to do so, Gara and Dr. Warren are the only two so far prosecuted in the continental United States for such action under the present Act, so far as is known. These cases bring to mind that of the Rev. John Marshall, who was tried for the same crime under the SS Act of 1940, in Tennessee. Nine members of Marshall's church, who refused to register, were sentenced to three years each, after a farcical trial in which the prosecution made capital of the fact that they were Negroes and poorly educated. Marshall himself received a sentence of three years and a fine of $1,000. The trial was reported in detail in FELLOWSHIP for May, 1944.

The trial of the twelve people in Puerto Rico who picketed registration places during the period of registration for the draft with signs urging young men not to register, and who are charged with counseling disobedience to the law, has been put off from March 29, when it was originally scheduled. No new date has been set, and the case may be put off indefinitely.

COs Sentenced

Edgar R. Norton, 20, of Glens Falls, New York, music student at Fredonia State Teachers College, was sentenced on March 2 in Albany to four months in prison for refusal to register for the draft. U. S. District Judge Stephen E. Brennan refused to allow Norton's attorneys to attempt to show that his decision was reached on the ground of his religious beliefs, claiming that "this is not a religious trial."

On March 11 Norton was released from jail in $2,000 bail, pending an appeal to the U. S. Circuit Court in New York City, and one of his lawyers, Prof. Harrop Freeman of the Cornell Law School, said they would take the case to the Supreme Court if necessary.

About 50 Quakers attended the trial from the area, and twice held silent Quaker meeting in the courtroom during the trial.

Claire Street, 25, FOR member and Quaker, was given two years' probation in January by Federal Judge Michael L. Igoe in Chicago on condition that he go to India as a relief worker for the Friends. When the United States Attorney objected that under the law a man cannot be put on probation if his violation is continuing, the judge said, "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it." He added, "I don't have it in my heart to send this young man to jail. I think he is sincere."

Street received an 18-months' sentence in November 1947 for refusing to report for induction under the wartime draft law, but was pardoned in December of that year by the President's Amnesty Board. He has been doing post-graduate work in biology at the University of Chicago.

Lawrence Tjossem, Don Mott and *Roy Knight* of William Penn College were sentenced on January 31 to 18 months in prison apiece by Judge Henry Graven, in Sioux City, Iowa.

Donald Laughlin and *Harold Burnham* were sentenced on February 1 in the court of Judge Graven in Waterloo, Iowa, to 18 months in prison apiece.

Eston Rockwell and *Herbert Smith* each received a sentence of 18 months in prison from Judge Graven in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

J. Kingsley Widmer, University of Minnesota student and overseas Army veteran who received an eight-month sentence, received a commutation of the sentence to four months from Judge Joyce, and was released on March 7. He would have been eligible for parole after four months if his sentence had been a year and a day.

Ralph Bargen of Newton, Kansas, was tried in Hutchinson on March 11 and sentenced to a year and a day. His statement of faith will be found earlier in this issue.

Robert Richter, studying in California, was convicted in March of refusal to register.

In February FELLOWSHIP it was reported that twelve nonregistrants at Garrett Biblical Institute had formed a cell there. There is a cell, but only one of the members, Craig Wilder, is a nonregistrant.

In the Toils

Marvin Rockwell, Howard Rockwell and *Wilford Guindon* of Alabama are under arrest for nonregistration.

In California, *Robert Cannon* has been arrested for refusal to register for the draft.

Robert Wixom in Illinois is awaiting disposition of his case, after being arrested for nonregistration.

Amos Brokaw has been arrested in Indiana for refusing to register.

Jehovah's Witness Executed in Greece

John Tsoukaris, a Greek Jehovah's Witness, was executed recently for refusing military service on grounds of conscience. The Fellowship of Reconciliation, Workers Defense League and War Resisters League protested to the Greek Embassy in Washington, and a telegram was sent by three clergymen, saying that the execution "violates not only the principle of individual conscience but also the fundamental laws of human decency and democratic government." The telegram was signed by Dr. Robert W. Searle of the Protestant Council of the City of New York; Dr. Sidney E. Goldstein of the Free Synagogue of New York; and the Rev. Michael J. Deacy of the staff of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Summer Workshop Getting Applications

The Interracial Workshop to be held this summer in Washington during the month of July has already aroused much interest throughout the country, although promotion is barely under way. George Houser, Racial-Industrial Secretary and the leader of the proposed Workshop, reports that applications are coming in very well. For particulars, write to George at 2929 Broadway.

Oliver Dryer

Oliver Dryer, who for a decade immediately following the First World War had been a General Secretary of the FOR, first in Great Britain and later in Europe, died on February 11, 1949. All who were familiar with the Fellowship's work in those years will remember this winsome and indefatigable Scotsman with the searching eyes and acute mind who took the Fellowship's message across Europe, Italy, the Balkans, and right into the Kremlin in Moscow. He was often my travelling companion in Europe and one of the first persons to enlist my enthusiasm in the overseas work of the Fellowship. I owe him a debt of gratitude and love, as do many others.

In 1928 Oliver Dryer decided to concentrate his efforts on pastoral care in a small community. Until he retired because of ill health towards the end of 1947 he was minister at Bonnyrigg Church near Edinburgh. He helped organize the Church of Scotland Peace Society and never wavered in the conviction that pacifism is an inseparable and essential ingredient of Christian faith and method.

JOHN NEVIN SAYRE

Journey Cases Lost in N. C.

On January 7 the North Carolina Supreme Court handed down its decision in the cases of Bayard Rustin, Igal Roodenko, Joe Felmet and Andrew Johnson, upholding their conviction in a lower court of breaking the state jimcrow laws. The decision was based on the fact that, although the men were riding on interstate tickets when they were ordered by the bus driver to observe the jimcrow seating arrangement, they were riding in an intrastate bus. The four men were forced, therefore, to serve their original sentences of thirty days each on the road gang, almost two years after the original incidents occurred.

Due to lack of money, and since former U. S. Supreme Court decisions had not covered exactly the same points and there was no assurance of winning the case, it was decided not to carry the appeal further.

N. Z. Bomber Pilot Turns Pacifist

William Carter, bomber pilot of the New Zealand Royal Air Force in the recent war, has become a pacifist and renounced all war. At an open air meeting of the New Zealand Christian Pacifist Society in early fall, a young man pushed to the front soon after the meeting started, and asked for permission to speak. This is his story:

"I was a bomber pilot, one of a New Zealand squadron. I was shot down over Germany and I had three years in POW camps. I came back threatened with TB in both lungs. What Mr. Barrington (Secretary of the Society) is saying is true and I'm with him all the way. My experiences in Germany opened my eyes and taught me the truth. And I want you to see it. Conditions were tough. I'd had enough, so I escaped. A German woman gave me food and soap and towel and great kindness. Her own son had been killed. I asked her why she was doing such things for me when I'd been bombing her country. She answered: 'Because I'm a Christian.' That hit me fair. Wasn't I a Christian too? Why should Christians kill one another? Back in POW camp I read books by Tolstoy and others, and I can tell you war's 'had it' for me. I'm crusading for peace in future. I think what Mr. Barrington's saying is right and we should never allow war again."

Help Build
A House for Hiroshima

A group of young American volunteers of various racial and religious backgrounds is going to Japan this summer to build a house for a homeless Hiroshima family.

This "House for Hiroshima" will help meet a tragic need for shelter and be an expression of goodwill from concerned Americans to the victims of the Atom Bomb.

You will help by sending contributions to:

FLOYD SCHMOE,
Director of the Project
13434 40th Street N.E.
Seattle 55, Washington

FOR College Conference Clicks in Ohio

On February 18, 19 and 20 a conference of college students from eleven Ohio colleges was held at Oberlin under the sponsorship of the FOR, to discuss training for campus peace action. Representatives came from Oberlin, Bluffton, Wooster, Wilmington, Ohio University, Ohio State, Ohio Wesleyan, Baldwin-Wallace, Mount Union, Hiram and Western Reserve to hear Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, John Swomley, and George Houser.

The conference was highly successful, with peak attendance of 180 on Sunday morning, when John Swomley led a group discussion in political action techniques and Dr. Chakravarty spoke on "Gandhi's Message to the West" at an interfaith worship service.

Federal Council Treads Middle Path

The National Conference on the Churches and World Order, held in Cleveland in early March by the Federal Council of Churches, came out for universal disarmament, care in the use of American power, and no war with Russia (if it can be avoided). The very few bright spots of the Conference were those beneath the surface, and which very few people will ever know. One is that, although it appeared that a number of Federal Council leaders had come prepared to ask for, and expecting to get, approval of the North Atlantic Pact, this was dropped in the face of strong opposition, mostly from pacifists, but also from nonpacifists who deeply deplored the prevailing emphasis on military measures in American policy. The second, eve more tenuous, was the friendl and so far as was possible accom modating, attitude of leaders of th conference to the pacifist contin gent.

As might have been expecte the Conference spoke fair on mo issues, "abhorring" war, approv ing the UN, warning agains "provocative" use of power. On th other hand, although it specificall did not approve the Atlantic Pac it announced that regional pact were all right, and its decisive ac tion was insistence that the Unite States must for the time being kee up its military strength in order t check Russian aggression, whic amounts to support of the presen American foreign policy and it military establishment, includin the stockpile of atomic weapons.

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Indian Conference Held in Southwest

On April 5, 6 and 7 the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the American Friends Service Committee sponsored the Southwest Indian Conference in Phoenix, Arizona. The Conference was attended by representatives from fifteen different tribes in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah, and continued along the lines of a similar conference held last year.

The Conference took up the health, education, economic and legal problems of the American Indians. All of the speakers were Indians, as were half the round table leaders, although other people were welcome to attend and participate in the sessions. Governor Dan E. Garvey of Arizona made an address of welcome and Will Rogers, Jr., gave the final address.

Red Cross Upholds Segregation of Blood

Although it cannot help but admit, when pushed to the wall, that race makes no difference whatever in one's blood and that if the labels on its plasma containers washed off no one would be able to tell which was Negro blood and which was white, the Red Cross clings to the segregation of blood by race. In New York recently, however, the UN breached the walls. Insisting that no account was taken at the UN of race or color, representatives of some 3,000 people associated with it told the Red Cross they would not fill out cards asking donors for their race. The Red Cross came up with the explanation that while *they* knew there was no difference, they labeled the blood in case it should be used for "scientific purposes," neglecting to specify what these could be, since it is science that has taken the ground out from under prejudice. The UN persisted, however, and the Red Cross withdrew its cards and will substitute, for the UN at least, cards without that embarrassing question on them.

In Washington the Interchurch Fellowship, which is also interracial, ran up against the same kind of problem. The group offered to give blood to the Red Cross if it were taken as human blood, and unsegregated, promising at least 12 gallons in honor of Brotherhood Week in February. When the Red Cross refused, the Interchurch Fellowship appealed for any hospital that would take it unsegregated, and New York's Sydenham Hospital responded. Sydenham has been for years the only interracial and interfaith private hospital in the city, with patients, nurses and doctors accepted purely on their own merits. In March it was taken over by the city for financial reasons.

ABOUT THE ADS

FELLOWSHIP declines advertising which it considers obviously unsuitable. However, it does not want to censor ideas. FELLOWSHIP feels that it is a sound educational and democratic approach to assume that members can and should decide for themselves which ideas they want to follow up and which are useless or repugnant to them.

Conditions Grow More Difficult in Berlin

Partly because the airlift is not really adequate to meet the city's needs and partly because conditions are steadily deteriorating in the Russian sector, conditions in Berlin are worsening, reports Henry Holm, Worldover Press correspondent.

In the western sector members of the Victims of Fascism, anti-fascists from the concentration camps of Hitler, were notified that their few remaining privileges would be revoked unless they cut themselves off from the headquarters of the organization, which happened to be in the Russian sector. Most of the prisons are in the British sector, with one in the French and one for women in the Russian, but when the Russians of fered to send a little extra food t the British prisons at Christma the British refused. When thee later asked the Russians to pro vide all the food for these prison ers, the Russians declined, and now the British, refusing to feed them are sending them back to the Rus sian sector.

In the Russian sector the spy scare seems to be worse than i the United States, and their ow nationals suffer as well as the Ger mans. A young Soviet soldier wh overstayed his time with a friendl German family was sentenced t eight years of hard labor for "es pionage." One reason for the panic says Mr. Holm, is the seriou breakdown of morale and loyalt among Soviet troops in Germany and the increasing desertions.

The story of Quaker born David Jordan, and Nina his sweetheart, is continued in this fine sequel to

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DOUBLEDAY

Dutch COs Go to Work Camps

More than 700 men have applied for recognition as COs in Holland since the German occupation, and about 500 of these have been sent to work camps resembling our CPS. They do civilian work, mostly of an agricultural nature, and receive the same pay and leave privileges as do soldiers.

Of those denied CO status some are declared medically unfit but many are court-martialed. Some receive recognition as COs at this point, and others have been given prison sentences up to five and a half years.

Bias Bans Passed in Indiana, New Jersey

In early March two important civil rights bills were passed by the state legislatures of Indiana and New Jersey. The Indiana bill, which was supported by the Indiana Council of Churches, will bring about a change from segregated to nonsegregated schools by 1952. The new law will apply to all tax-supported schools, and provides also that in schools where Negro students predominate Negro teachers must be employed.

New Jersey, which last year passed an excellent anti-discrimination bill, in March added another to its book. The earlier law was applied mainly to discrimination in employment. The new one specifically extends the field to education, recreation and places of public accommodation. This should make impossible such prosecutions as those against CORE members who have for several years carried on a campaign against the Palisades Park swimming pool, in the course of which a number have been arrested and fined, as well as beaten by police.

Ohio and Kansas Lead in IV-Es

Selective Service reports that as of December 31, 1948, 4,502 registrants were classified IV-E, Ohio leading with 795 and Kansas coming up with 744. Pennsylvania was next with 520, then Indiana with 464, California with 200, Virginia 186, Michigan 181, Illinois 156, South Dakota 133, Nebraska 115 and Tennessee 101. The rest were all below 100, with Utah and Wyoming claiming no COs at all.

New York City had only six IV-Es, and the rest of the state 35. The whole state of Massachusetts had six, which was no more than Georgia, and New Jersey had 17.

Pope Sanctions Civil Disobedience

In his statement of February 14 on the arrest and imprisonment of Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary, the Pope said, in part: "Everybody knows that the Catholic Church does not act through worldly motives, and that she accepts any and every form of civil government provided it be not inconsistent with divine and human rights. But when it does contradict these rights, Bishops and the faithful themselves are bound by their own conscience to resist unjust laws."

Jottings

Dorothy Maynor, world-renowned soprano and an FOR member, delivered the prayer and sang three selections on the program of the World Day of Prayer broadcast over CBS on March 4.

The Washington Pacifist Fellowship held a highly successful forum on March 11 with Milton Mayer and James Wechsler speaking on "What Shall We Do to Secure Peace?"

The Huron County (Michigan) CROP organization provided seven carloads of food and grain for Europe, worth a total of over $20,000. Chairman W. Winston Thomas and Vice-Chairman Arthur Delamarter are both FOR members.

The General Motors Company in March proudly announced a reduction of $10 to $40 apiece for Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs. Nothing was said of the fact that, after record profits in 1948, prices were raised in early 1949 by $42 to $110 on Chevrolets, $55 to $150 on Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles and Buicks.

The United Nations is perfecting plans for its own world-wide broadcasting system, which would give it direct access to listeners throughout the world. It has been held up by lack of the estimated $8,000,000 it needs for this.

In February the House of Repre sentatives approved the repeal c the Oriental Exclusion Act, but was held up in the Senate and wi probably not pass this year.

West Virginia Wesleyan College a Methodist institution, will adm Negro students on an equal foot ing with whites for the fall semes ter, it was announced. There is state segregation law, but it is be lieved to apply only to state-supp ported institutions. No other schoo in the state, either public or pri vate, has ever attempted a non-segg regated policy.

The FOR San Francisco Penin sula Area held a planning confer ence and workshop on March 4-6 a the ranch of Thad and Mildre Binkley in Saratoga, California.

In April Fellowship Jottings, i mentioning that Nevin Sayre ha been barred from speaking in Sac ramento College, it was erroneous ly reported that Bob Meyners wa from Los Angeles. He lives in San Francisco, and is co-pastor wit Howard Thurman of the interrac ial church there.

Scott Nearing's monthly sheet o comment *World Events*, has beer changed to a quarterly, and nov comes out in an attractive small magazine format. Its address i 125 Fifth Street N.E., Washingto 2, D. C.

Books

Responsibility to God

Doors Into Life, Through Five Devotional Classics, by Douglas V. Steere. Harper and Brothers, 1948. 189 pp., $2.00.

This last December, while four nonregistrants were being tried in a Los Angeles court, (they got three years each), I glanced often at this book. It spoke to my condition. See if it doesn't speak profoundly and movingly to yours. Certainly it will, if you have been "counselling" young men either to register for conscription or go to jail in noncooperation. Consider this from Isaac Pennington, page 121: "He that draws another to any practice before the life in his own particular lead him, doth, as much as in him lies, destroy the soul of that person."

Many a book today is a packrat's exhibit: a dozen burnt out matches; an Ingersoll which the anthologist doesn't know how to wind up; one forlorn sock without a partner; miscellaneous string; a large pink ribbon and a tiny blue one—all gathered together for no discernible reason beyond the impulse to pick up and stow away what does not really belong to the collector. *Doors Into Life,* in contrast, is digested experience. All the quotations *belong.* Even though drawn from Roman Catholic, from Lutheran or Quaker sources, there is the same living water and it satisfies. Six centuries are spanned. First comes the fourteenth century *Imitation of Christ* which "lays bare the cross and keeps it bare"; then Francis of Sales' sixteenth century *Introduction to the Devout Life;* followed by John Woolman's eighteenth century *Journal,* Kierkegaard's *Purity of Heart* and ending with von Hügel's twentieth century *Letters.* But that is not all.

The integrated whole shows us Douglas Steere himself, what he is most deeply sensitive and responsive to, and why. Here is wisdom, the most practical kind and in available form. It has first been assimilated into the bloodstream of a contemporary who knows his way about wounded Europe and comfortable America. The author has the right to pass on to us such a searching confession as this from a Swiss prayer five centuries back: "Strip me, oh God, of all that separates me from Thee, and give me that which will unite me to Thee. Strip me of myself and give me Thyself." This is not a pattern of words. It is what Gandhi would call the longing of the heart.

In the leading chapter we are faced with the prospects of the Christian religion in the Western world. They are startling. We have been signing our names and our futures away on blank checks made out to irresponsible and impersonal concentrations of power. As if God did not even exist! Such secularism has to be answered, and soon, by a new type of loyalty. One attempting it "may not be sure of his own faith because he is all too

aware of his own frailty and weakness." Even so, the training has to go on. It is "to yield oneself, to commit oneself, to consecrate oneself to the object of devotion without regard to sacrifice or suffering . . . over and over again."

Social concern is required but if it is to come to authentic flower we must have root-responsibility to God. Otherwise we may have expediency—Bertrand Russell is asking their side to drop the atomic bombs first. Douglas Steere is under no illusions. If you want really to love your neighbor you had better love God first and last and in between times. On the determination to do just that, our ultimate usefulness depends. Maybe civilization also does.

Before the trial already mentioned, the mother of one of the nonregistrants borrowed my copy of *Doors Into Life*. At page 42 of the returned book I found a sentence from the *Imitation* conspicuously marked and for a good reason: "It is no small prudence to keep silence in an evil time and inwardly to turn thyself to Me and not be troubled by the judgments of men."

Doors Into Life many of us will increasingly be marking, recalling and repeating out of sheer necessity. That is because it is so alive with the life that counts. The insights shared are timeless. But there is color as well as psychological knowledge, and an occasional flash of humor. The style is uniquely that of a philosophe who is unafraid to take life's fina meaning with him into the roug and tumble of modern life.

—Allan A. Hunter

PAMPHLET PARADE

Honor Among Cooks, A Kitche File by Mary B. Spahr, M.I Currant House, 1949. 178 pp $2.00.

An interesting cookbook run ning from soups through all kinc of dishes to desserts, cakes, sauce and so on, tells which are cheap c easy to make.

Printed by Libertarian Press, th royalties from its sale go to th American Friends Service Com mittee to feed the world's hungr children.

Vendemmia, by Caroline Foulk Urie. Island Press, 1948. 63 pp $1.50.

A collection of poems by the well known FOR member and tax-re fuser, covering a wide range of in terests, from juvenile pitch t workers' marching songs. C.M.

THE REVIEWER

Allan Hunter has been for many years the minister of the Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church in Los Angeles. He is the author of *Say Yes to the Light, White Corpuscles in Europe*, and the recently published *The Audacity of Faith*.

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